

Bitchin' by onpennylane

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Beginning of Harringrove - Not In A Relationship Yet, Billy + Jane, Billy Bonds with Max aaaand the other Two, Billy and His Girl Gang, Billy the Babysitter, Drabble, Erica Sinclair is Queen, Explicit Language, M/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven (Stranger Things), Erica Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Erica Sinclair, Billy Hargrove & Jane "Eleven" Hopper, Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Mom Steve is definitely a thing - but like, can we consider Billy for a min? Specifically: Dad/Uncle Billy and his girl gang comprised of: Max, Jane, and Erica Sinclair.

Bitchin'

Author's Note:

Okay so, this is a HC that turned into a drabble - which turned into this. Had to get it out of my head - so here it is!

After graduation, Billy did a stint in California, but came back after Neil died of a heart attack because Max and Susan were family, damnit. Max and Lucas are closer than ever, and with that comes the Queen of Hawkins herself, Erica Sinclair.

Erica was very skeptical of the “shithead” her brother and his loser friends always talked about - but she grows oddly fond of Billy Hargrove after he is stuck babysitting her one night when the Sinclair’s are out and Lucas brings her over while he visits Max. She gives him shit about his hair, “Why is it so fluffy? You look like a girl.” And somehow this tiny little girl with sass and attitude becomes his new favorite person in Hawkins. He doesn’t mind it so much when she gets drug along. They form a little chaperone squad for their siblings.

Max sees how Billy is with Erica, and she wants that with him too. Billy and Max start slowly, but soon car rides are filled with a mixture of Metallica and whatever Max is into that week. It’s shitty music, he knows - but it makes Max smile - and he’s trying.

Max and Jane grow closer, and suddenly - Billy finds himself spending lots of his free time with 3 of the most badass little girls in Indiana. He teaches them how to do eyeliner, “it’s rock n’ roll” - educates them in hair care, “volume and curls” - and maybe sees a few of his smaller band t-shirts start to disappear, which is fine - he outgrew them anyways. After a few visits, Jane had allowed Billy to put eyeliner on her like Kali did, and as she looked back at Billy after regarding his work in the mirror, she simply said, “Bitchin’.” To which he replied, “Yeah kid. Bitchin’.”

That’s how Billy Hargrove finds himself feeling like fucking Steve

Harrington with his stupid little gaggle of ducklings. The only consolation he has is that his ducklings have enough sass and fire to burn up a town, or at least, burn the egos of the middle school boy population of Hawkins. Especially the boys in Harrington's little gaggle. That, and he still thinks his ass is better than Harrington's. Not that he had been looking...

It's two years later when Max and El are in high school and Erica in middle school, that everything goes to shit, and The Upside Down goes into their right side up. Billy had managed to get a job helping the coach of the Hawkins High basketball team when he wasn't working at the garage off Main. This let him drive Max home after school - when she wasn't hanging out with the Party. She could get her license next year, so he was using every chance he had to spend time with her - like today. He was picking her and Jane up and dropping them off at the Sinclair's. He was leaning up against the Camaro, when the two girls shot out of the school like bats out of hell. The boys of the Party jumped on their bikes and raced off, leaving the girls to the Billy and the Camaro.

"GO Billy!" Max shouted and they jumped in the car.

"What the fuck, Max? What's your deal?" Billy countered as he started the car.

Max looked at him with wary eyes, "We need to get to Lucas's house. NOW." But there was something behind her eyes that was fear and adrenaline.

"Did something happen at school? Did someone hurt you? I will kick their ass, Max, I swear to God-"

"NO. God, Billy. No."

Jane's quiet voice came from the back seat, "You can tell him. He is okay."

"Are you sure, Jane?" Max quizzed her, but was reassured by Jane

that Billy was family. Billy could know.

After being given the short version of Hawkins' history with the Upside Down, the Lab, and badass girl sitting in his backseat, Billy Hargrove need a cigarette, a shot of whiskey, and a some to answers the 50fuckingmillion questions he had. But he would get none of those at the moment.

Because apparently the fucking flower-man things were back, and he was now responsible for getting Jane to the lab - by way of the Sinclair's, where Max had left her baseball bat? Billy wasn't sure he wanted to see a bat like the one she swung at him two years ago again in his lifetime, but if that's what she needed to fight the demo-whatevers, then he was sure as hell going to get it *and*whatever else the Sinclair's had to fight.

What Billy did not count on picking up was Erica Sinclair.

"I am going with you," she said, hands on her hips while she pulled a fierce face.

"Like hell you are, Erica," Billy scoffed back at her. "There is not a chance you are getting in that car. You hear me? You are keeping your ass here in this house. Not a discussion."

He was right, it wasn't a discussion because she had marched up to the Camaro, gotten in, and absolutely refused to get out of his damn car. He didn't have the time to fight her anymore, so when Max and Jane came running out of the house with a bat and a backpack full of who-knows-what, he put the Camaro in drive and started towards Hawkins lab with 3 girls and a raging headache. He was sure there would be hell to pay later.

When they pulled up to the lab, Harrington's stupid BMW was already there along side the Hawkins' PD Chevy. The boys, Hopper, and Harrington turned around to look as the rumble of the Camaro came up the drive.

As the car stopped, Billy Hargrove opened his door and stepped out.

“What are you doing here, amigo?” Harrington called.

“I could ask you the same thing, amigo.” Billy answered, a smile playing on his lips as the words came out again, echoing back to that night. Seeing Harrington here wasn’t a surprise after Max’s story, but it certainly put Steve in a new light. Something stirred in Billy’s gut at the sight of Steve standing there looking every bit of the protecting fighter Max described him to be. Something crackled in the air as the two long-time rivals locked eyes across the drive.

Their moment was quickly interrupted when the passenger side door of the Camaro opened and out stepped the three girls - three girls who looked like the love-children of Joan Jett and James Hetfield.

The backpack they had carried out of the Sinclair’s had been Max and Jane’s supply of cast off make-up from Susan, Joyce, and Mrs. Sinclair - along with hairspray and those “missing” tshirts from Billy. In the few minutes they had in the car, Jane has suggested they get ready - much like she had done with Kali. They were going to fight the upside down for the first time in years, might as well look the part.

Eyeliner, sprayed hair, rock shirts - still a little big on Erica - and a take-no-shit attitude now adorned all three girls as they stared down the shocked, and slightly in awe, faces of the guys in front of them. Max swung her bat in a move that looked oddly like she had learned it from Harrington as Billy tuned back to face the group with a look of pride for the little girl gang he had fostered.

Before the guys could say anything, Erica Sinclair uttered a single word.

“Bitchin.”